

The Director's Weekend . . . The Races . . . Garden . . . TV

By Robert F. Levey
Washington Post Staff Writer

Saturday, as usual, he had spent at a race track—Pimlico Race Course in Baltimore.

Sunday, as usual, he puttered in his garden for a few hours. Sunday night, as always, he watched the FBI television show on his color set at home.

Monday, too, was typical—Picked up by chauffeur at 8:30 a.m. Audience in the morning with two agents who had just passed their 20th anniversaries. Lunch at the Carvery restaurant (nee Rib Room) of the Mayflower Hotel. Meeting in the afternoon with the safety director of Knoxville. Home, with a grin and a wave to his personal staff, at 5 p.m. Dinner. A little television. Bed.

But J. Edgar Hoover was still very much The Director of the FBI yesterday.

The staff at FBI headquarters, the neighbors on 30th Place N.W., the friends, the enemies, even those who had only seen him once or twice or never—all could talk of nothing and no one else.

Paul Demereks, who has sold ice cream for 20 years at the starting point of the FBI tour, said that now, at 87, "I have nothing else to live for. He was my friend."

A group of Pittsburgh schoolgirls, waiting to begin

the tour, wept with shock when told of Hoover's death.

A painter, applying light blue to the hallway outside Hoover's office in room 5633 of Justice Department headquarters, called the death "unbelievable." A secretary down the hall called it "a great loss." A fingerprint specialist, Jerome T. Nolan, called it "literally, a shock."

The Carvery waiter who had served him lunch each day for the last 12 years, Joe Chapman, draped Hoover's corner table with red, white and blue bunting—and vowed to serve no one there until Hoover is buried.

And on their own time, throughout the afternoon, groups of FBI agents and employees arrived in cars at Hoover's home block. They would park at the end of the wooded, hilly street, sit for a few minutes, and then leave. "It is," said one agent, James Dickson, "a matter of respect."

Shortly after Hoover's death was discovered yesterday morning, the FBI's 10 assistant directors each personally notified the staff under them of the death.

Later yesterday morning, according to an FBI spokesman, a teletype was dispatched to all FBI offices, over the name of acting director Clyde Tolson, urging field personnel to "continue performing your duties . . . (so as to) exemplify

fidelity, bravery and integrity"—the FBI motto.

Meanwhile, his four-man personal staff began the preliminaries of formally winding up Hoover's 48-year career.

An 11:30 a.m. appointment with Rep. M. Dawson Mathis (D-Ga.) and 16 businessmen from his home district was quietly cancelled. So was a May 13 date to present a trophy to the winning owner of the May 13 Dixie Handicap at Pimlico.

Hoover's Bureau property—his gun, badge and credentials, all the ones originally issued to him in 1924—"will be accounted for shortly," a spokesman said. His notes and personal papers remained in his office yesterday, to be dispersed according to his will.

The FBI staff was not officially allowed to talk to reporters yesterday. On its behalf, a statement was released by the FBI press office. It said simply that "all of his associates at the FBI are deeply grieved by the passing of their beloved Director."

But one special agent, who spoke in exchange for anonymity, observed that "this place can't ever be the same."

I wonder about leaders these days," the agent said. "I'm not sure we have too many any more. Looks like we have one less."